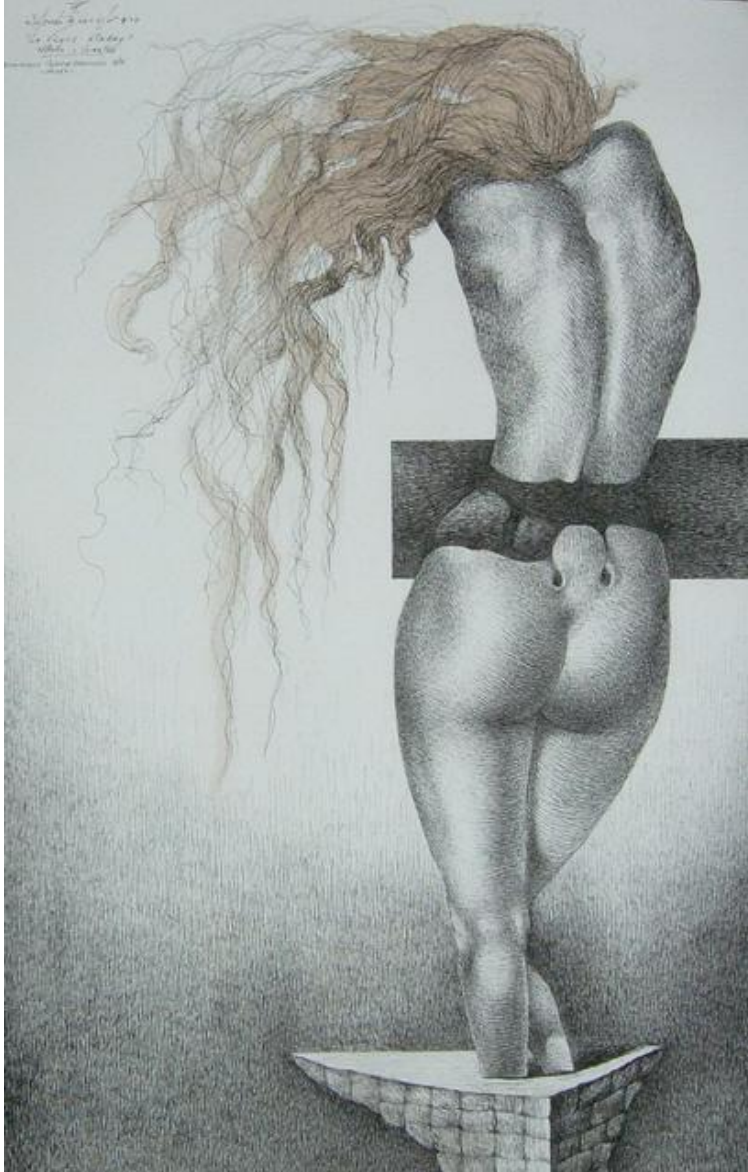


Tataya Poems



By Doug Tanoury



Venus Imperfect

A Venus
For the modern age
Her hair long and flowing
In a way Botticelli would paint,
Yet not quite so perfect,
Wearing her skin like stockings
Held in place by the contrivances
Of belts, straps and snaps.

A Venus transfixed
In a contrapposto pose.
Her lean masculine torso
Tied to the transplanted
Curves of plump softness
That is her round and
Feminine bottom.

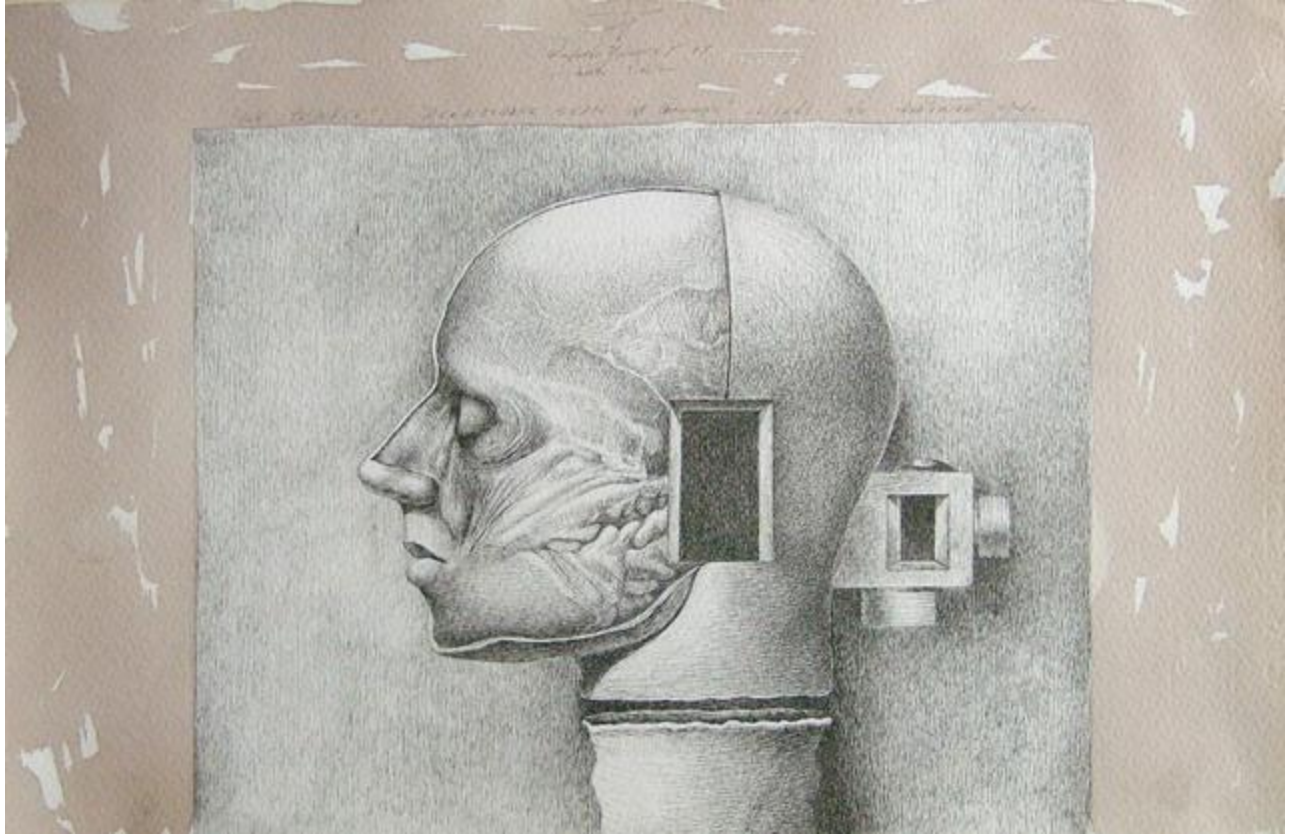
A Venus trapped by
A conspiracy of contraptions
And inner contradictions,
She languishes as a prisoner,
Frozen in place
And immobile,
Awaiting her rebirth.

Dog Barking on a Winter Night

By the junkyard
Where automobile parts are stacked high
In tangled piles of plastic and metal,
Yellow doors lay next to red ones,
Blue hoods on top of silver,
And rusted engines
That have been separated from chassis
Lay exposed with hoses still attached
Like a heart with arteries
Lying in a stainless steel basin left
On an operating table.

It is there where my passing,
On a sidewalk marked with gang graffiti,
Awakens the watch dog
That sleeps on leather bench seats
In a pickup cab with the doors removed.
I am startled
By the attack as it jumps onto the fence,
How it bares large white teeth
With a snarling growl,
And the respiration exhaled with each bark
Clouds into a cold and chilling vapor
On a winter night.





My Head

The thought of you
In my head is always
A little flurry of wings
Like a finch
That jumps
With a flutter
From one perch
To another.

Through the door
Left open,
Your song has
Escaped,
And now
My head is like
An empty cage,
Sadly silent.

Orientation

Today, I am enveloped in a blue haze,
Locked within the white chalk line boundaries
Of a compartmentalized space I cannot escape.

Our opposite orientations, never more glaring
Than now; I need the stenciled text
“This Side Up” to accompany a pointing arrow

That provides direction in a topsy turvy
Cattywampus world where we are frozen
in a tragic stance that tells a tale of us

Living in an melancholy universe filled
With longings unmet and opportunities lost,
In a day dimly backlit, where graduated shades

Of browns and ghost pale pastels
Blend into a dull and colorless portrait
Of the memory of you hanging over me

Like a storm cloud that hovers ominous,
Dark and unmoving on a horizon
That is a slanted and uneven,

Hand drawn with a white grease pencil
Like all the other self created lines
Of separation that we cannot cross.



Dancer with an Orange Circle



She reached out
For what she saw was me,
But in reality
Was not me at all,
Only a distorted shadow
Cast by what I truly am.

Her flower like face,
A blossom uplifted and
Framed in the petals
Of her hair
As she moved toward
my reflection.

From the green earth
she leaned to me
With arms outstretched
In a blue day
That transitioned
To a purple night.

Plant like in her resolve,
To shift earth and stone,
And by the light
Of an orange sun
She saw me, touched me,
Moved me.

Two Women

In a textured background
Of blue and white
That resembles
The color of the Caribbean
Broken by white capped waves,
Or a heavy snowfall set
Against the deep blue
Of late December.

One must look for a moment
Into the illusion of a headless torso
That wears breasts as its face,
Past the optical trickery
Of a man's eyes
Always looking for
Another woman.

There is magic in lines
Of charcoal and pastel
Drawn to form a study
Of breasts,
One small and firm
Tipped by a pert nub
That is a pinch of flesh,
The others
Larger and sagging,
Each nipple a metal rivet.

A pair
Identical to each other
And to no others,
Breasts like ripe mangoes
Hanging from a drooping branch,
Nipples like firm ripe berries
Growing on a low bush.





All Eyes Look at You

Many parts of you see
And at the same time
Do not,
For sight and blindness are not limited
To the eyes alone,
Just as we say so much more
Than emerges from our mouths.

There is a ghostlike face
That fills the empty space
Between us, and your
Words give rise
To a form whose features
You have forgotten
And whose character
Remains unseen.

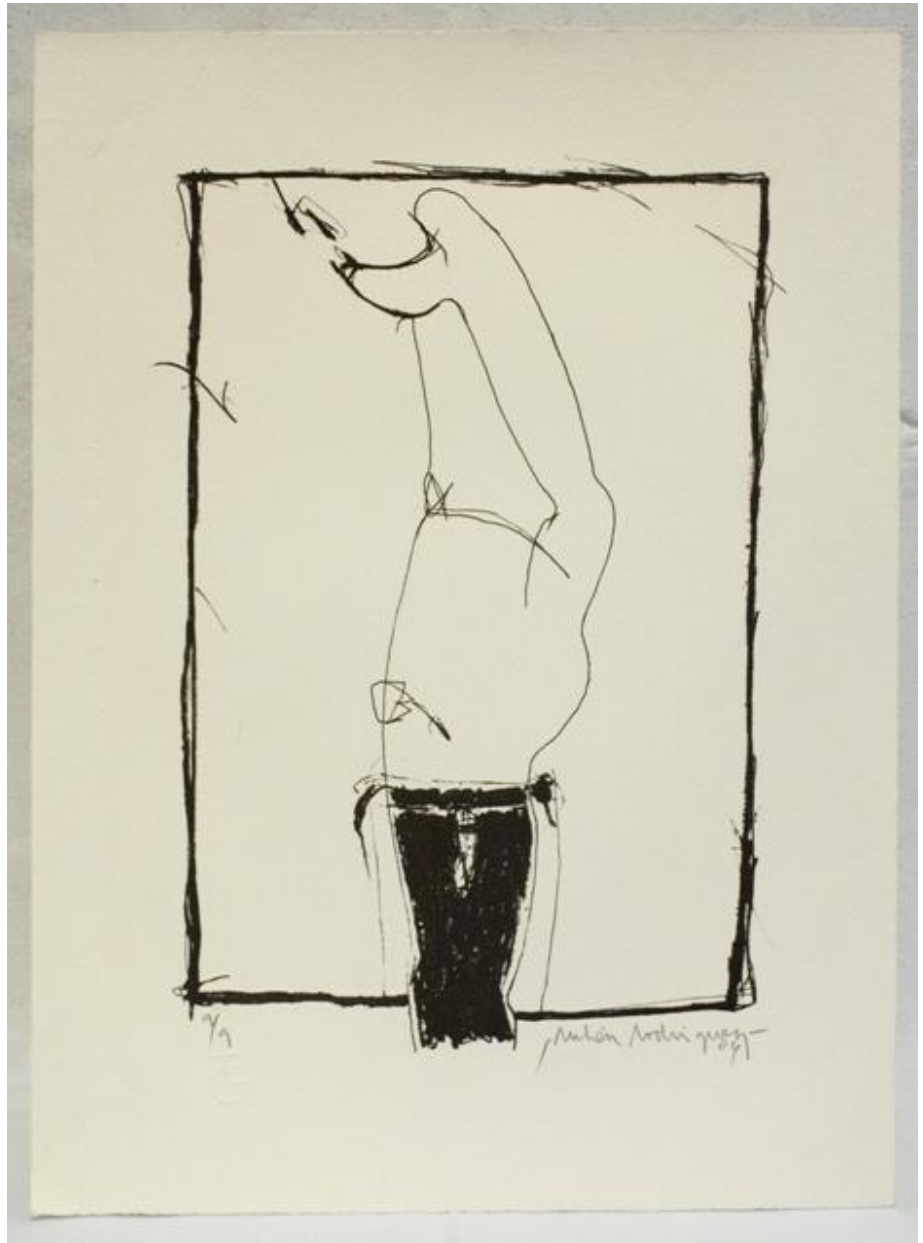
There are so many
Illusions that you alone
Breathe life into,
Shadows and phantoms
That only you animate.
This is why we never see
The person we love
Without the distortions
Of our most hopeful fantasies.

Nude

naked form
a series of fluid lines
that flow in slow curves
as you sleep
stretched across the
mattress

and where nipples
meet breasts
rays of light seep out
from some inner source
of brightness
unseen and mysterious

black hose ends
at upper thighs
and supports the hard
and soft lines that
meet at the simplicity
of white skin



List of Art

Venus imperfect: Wilfredo Barcelo – La Venus Ixtabay
Dog Barking on a Winter Night: Alejandro Ramón Sainz - Watch Dog
My Head: Wilfredo Barcelo – The Thinker
Orientation: Johan Paul Galue - Sin Título
Dancer with an Orange Circle: Carlos del Toro - Bailarina con Círculo Naranja
Two Women: Rubén Rodríguez - Dos Mujeres
All Eyes Look at You: Wilfredo Barcelo -Todos Los Ojos Te Miran
Nude: Rubén Rodríguez - Sin Título

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About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury lives in the United States and Mexico. He spends half of each year in Merida, Yucatan and Howell, Michigan. Doug began writing poetry in elementary school and has been writing poetry all of his adult life. He wrote for many years with a group of poets from around the Detroit area at the Macomb Fantasy Factory. Doug has read his poetry in venues in Los Angeles, CA, Greenwich Village, NYC, London, UK and numerous locations around Detroit, including local Detroit television and radio readings.

He is the founder of Funky Dog Publishing. Doug's publication credits include Writer's Digest, Poetry Magazine, A Small Garlic Press, The Denver Quarterly, The Pittsburgh Quarterly, Zuzu's Petals, Pif Magazine, Plum Ruby Review as well as many others. Doug has published 17 volumes of poetry which are featured on this [website](#).